



WASHINGTON,  
LINCOLN  
and  
McKINLEY  
ENTERTAINMENT

• PRICE 10 CENTS. •



PUBLISHED BY  
SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.,  
DARROWVILLE, OHIO.

# Pleasant Songs

— FOR —

## Pleasant Places.

*Edited by Adelbert Gardenier.*

**Fact No. 1.**—Collections of Day School Music too often contain very little that is available for ordinary occasions of school life often they are largely made up of elementary instruction, wholly ignored by teachers, who generally prefer to use original exercises, equally desirable, and teach from the blackboard.

**Fact No. 2.**—Every school singing book contains songs used not on account of their merit, but put in merely to fill out space. All such songs are lacking either in the sentiment of the words or in the life and spirit necessary to make the music suitable for the school-room.

**Pleasant Songs for Pleasant Places** has been compiled with the above facts in view, and will furnish at a small price all the songs necessary for any school. No song has been used that has not been tested in the school-room and found to please the pupils, and they are all characterized as being "lively" and just suited to the day school singing-class. It will be sold at such a price as to be within the reach of all. Sample copy sent for examination on receipt of 15 one-cent stamps. \$1.20 per dozen, postpaid.

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WASHINGTON, LINCOLN

& MCKINLEY

ENTERTAINMENT.

ARRANGED BY

MRS H. W. HOWE.

PRICE, - 10 CENTS.



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"Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen. Lincoln with his infinite humor and his sorrow, lives to touch us and lead us on, and William McKinley shall summon all the statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, a sweeter fame and eternal blessedness."



# Washington, Lincoln & McKinley Entertainment.



## SONG.

Tune.—“Hold the Fort.”

Though we never may be soldiers  
On the battlefield.

Though we may not carry banner,  
Bayonet or shield;

Each man can be as true and valiant  
Till life's work is done,

Each can be as brave a soldier  
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,  
Armies great and strong,

Each can be a little soldier  
Fighting all day long.

Let us ever fight them bravely,  
Let us valiant be;

Fight the host of pride and envy,  
Pride and cruelty.

## Teacher's Address.

As you all know (I think) Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732 and died Dec. 4, 1799. As a boy he was a manly, energetic, athletic fellow, good tempered and a good leader.

He was handsome, tall, and strong. He was a good wrestler, could run fast, and throw a stone or an apple farther than any of his mates.

He was a splendid marksman, and could hit the target oftener than any one else; he was very fond of horses and could ride any horse in the place. And he could jump farthest; he said it was manly to be able to run fast, jump far, or wrestle well. He was a polite boy, too. You must read the "Fifty-seven Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation," which he wrote for his guidance in boyhood.

You can still see, in his own writing, the rules for a correct life, which he copied in that note book of his, when he was only thirteen years old. One of them is, "Never promise more than you are able to do; and *be sure to keep your promise.*"

It is said that he was never known to be unkind to a playmate.

And, even in early boyhood, he was so noted for his justness, honesty and truthfulness that he was often called upon to settle disputes among his mates.

He had naturally a quick temper, but he learned to control it, for "no one can be respected who is always getting into a passion."

"He was a good son," his mother always said.

One of his favorite "Rules" was, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience."

He gave his courtly bow in response to the humblest negro's salute, for he said: "He would not be outdone in politeness by a slave."

In the home, as in the army, or the "State," he was always noble.

Well has the poet said, "A beautiful life does not end in death." The life of Washington sheds to-day the beautiful lustre of his noble character, upon all the world, and is an inspiration to all men who love liberty.

### **Washington Our Model.**

"Washington is our model,"

Is the motto we've made for you;  
In the battle of life like him we'll be—  
Brave and generous, kind and true.

"Washington is our model,"

Is a good motto for us all;  
Like him we will love this country of ours,  
And be ready to answer her call.

"Washington is our model,"

Straight and strong and brave,  
With eye of light, and frame of might,  
And arm of power to save.

"Washington is our model,"

Upright, firm, and grand,  
With kindly face and heart of grace,  
And firm and fearless hand.

### **Washington's Day.**

Oh, how the world remembers!

It is many and many a day  
Since the patriot, George Washington,  
Grew old and passed away.

And yet to-day we are keeping  
In memory of his birth,  
And his deeds of truth and valor  
Are told by every hearth.

How he fought for Independence,  
All little children know;  
And why we signed the Declaration  
A hundred years ago.

To be as great as Washington,  
I could not if I would,  
But I've made up my mind that I  
Will try to be as good.

Recitation and Dance for Six Little Girls:

**Little Martha Washington.**

This lady, Martha Washington,<sup>1</sup>  
Was once a little girl,  
With dimpled cheeks<sup>2</sup> and blushes  
And golden hair<sup>3</sup> in curl.  
She never had a hatchet,<sup>4</sup>  
She never cut a tree,<sup>4</sup>  
But was full of fun and frolic,<sup>5</sup>  
Just a little girl like me.<sup>6</sup>  
Wore a puckered satin petticoat<sup>7</sup>  
Breast knots, gay and dainty caps,<sup>8</sup>  
Dropped a courtesy to her mamma,<sup>9</sup>  
Courtesied deep to Lord Fairfax.<sup>10</sup>  
Then she grew up like a flower,<sup>11</sup>  
Pure and sweet and good,<sup>12</sup> and yet



Of all things that pleased her fancy  
She loved best the minuet.<sup>13</sup>

1. Point to picture of Martha Washington.
2. Put hands on cheek.
3. Put hands on hair.
4. Shake head.
5. Swing arms at side.
6. Point to self.
7. Hands sweeping down dress front.
8. Hand on head.
9. Courtesy left
10. Courtesy right.
11. Standing as tall as possible.
12. Hands folded on chest.

13. Take hold of dress near bottom and drop a deep courtesy. Music 3-4 time begins. Girls separate into three couples, forming a line across platform, a little space between each couple. Partners take hold of hands and hold hands very high.

Beginning with right foot, walk six steps forward (closing left foot up to right, in first position for sixth count). Point toe and lift several inches from floor.

Courtesy front (six counts).

Turn and walk back six counts.

Courtesy to partners

Each walk past partner six counts.

Courtesy front.

Turn and walk back to partner.

Courtesy to partner.

Partners cross hands and walk obliquely left six counts.

Courtesy front.

Turn, cross hands and walk back to position.

Courtesy to partner.

Repeat, walking right.

Partners give right hand and turn half round.

Courtesy to partner.

Give left hand back to place.

Courtesy to partner.

Courtesy front.

### **For my Country.**

I ought to love my country.

The land in which I live;

Yes, I am very sure my heart

Its truest love should give.

For, if I love my country,

I'll try to be a man

My country may be proud of;

And if I try, I can.

She wants men brave and noble,

She needs men brave and kind,

My country needs that I should be

The best man she can find.

### **A School Boy to George Washington.**

(By a boy who stands in front of Washington's picture.)

O Washington, George Washington,

When you were a boy like me,

I wonder if your teacher knew

What sort of man you'd be!

My teacher says, boys she can trust

Can be trusted when they're men,

But boys who cheat and do mean things  
Will prob'bly do so then.

You said you couldn't tell a lie  
When you cut that cherry tree;—  
Why, then, I'm sure that when in school  
You'd always truthful be.

I don't believe you watched your chance,  
When the teacher turned her eye,  
And did the things you wouldn't do  
If she were standing by.

I guess you tried 'most every day  
To do your very best;  
And all the while that you were good  
You were helping all the rest.

I don't believe the little ones  
Ever said: "George made me cry!"  
My teacher thinks the bravest boys  
Are kindest; and so do I.

I'd like to see those copy-books  
They said you used to write  
With letters made so carefully,  
And all so clean and white.

I wish I'd been a soldier-boy,  
With those you used to drill;  
I'd have obeyed your orders quick,  
To march or to stand still.

'Twas you who made "Our Country" ours,  
And ruled it, too, so well;

And always when your birthday comes  
And folks the story tell,  
I think I'll be like you, and make  
Our world more full of joy;  
But if I'd be your kind of man,  
I must be your kind of boy.

**Washington's Birthday.**

'Tis splendid to live so grandly  
That, long after you are gone  
The things you did are remembered,  
And recounted under the sun;  
To live so bravely and purely,  
That a nation stops on its way,  
And once a year with banner and drum,  
Keep the thoughts of your natal day,  
'Tis splendid to have a record,  
So white and free from stain  
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,  
Though tested and tried amain;  
That age to age forever  
Repeats its story of love,  
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart  
All other days above.  
And this is Washington's glory,  
A steadfast soul and true,  
Who stood for his country's honor  
When his country's days were few.  
And now when its days are many,  
And its flag of stars is flung

To the breeze in defiant challenge,  
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,  
To be so great and strong,  
That your memory is ever a tocsin  
To rally the foes of the wrong;  
To live so proudly and purely  
That your people pause in their way,  
And year by year with banner and drum,  
Keep the thought of your natal day.

**To The Shade of Washington.**

104 years old.

Exalted Chief—in thy superior mind  
What vast resources, what various talents joined!  
Tempered with social virtue's milder rays,  
There patriot worth diffused a purer blaze;  
Formed to command respect, esteem inspire.  
Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social choir,  
With equal skill the sword or pen to wield,  
In council great, unequaled in the field,  
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to please,  
Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease;  
Before the splendors of thy high renown  
How fade the glowworm lusters of a crown,  
How sink diminished in that radiance lost  
The glare of conquest, and of power the boast.  
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,  
Or Caesar's triumphs gild the Roman name,  
Stripped of the dazzling glare around them cast,

Shrinks at their crime humanity aghast;  
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed  
See Attila his course of havoc lead!  
O'er Asia realms, in one vast ruin hurled,  
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurled.  
On base far different from the conqueror's claim  
Rests the unsullied column of thy fame;  
His on the woes of millions proudly based,  
With blood cemented and with tears defaced;  
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,  
By freedom strengthened and revered by time.  
He, as the Comet, whose portentous light  
Spread baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night,  
With chill amazement fills the startled breast,  
While storms and earthquakes dire its course attest,  
And Nature trembles, lest in chaos hurled,  
Should sink the tottering fabric of the world.  
Thou, like the Sun, whose kind propitious ray  
Opes the glad morn and lights the fields of day,  
Dispels the wintry storm, the chilling rain,  
With rich abundance clothes the smiling plain;  
Gives all creation to rejoice around,  
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmost bound:  
Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,  
Not less the example bright thy death portrays.  
When, plunged in deepest woe, around thy bed,  
Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each head,  
While Nature struggled with severest pain,  
And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain;  
In that dread moment, awfully serene,

No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien,  
No groan, no murmuring plaint escaped thy tongue,  
No lowering shadows on thy brows were hung;  
But calm in Christian hope, undamped with fear,  
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near,  
On that bright meed in surest trust reposed,  
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed,  
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resigned thy breath,  
And smiled as Nature's struggles closed in death,

### **How The National Anthem Was Written.**

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis S. Key, of Baltimore, on September 14, 1814.

Key was a prisoner on board one of the British men-of-war during the bombardment of Baltimore by the English fleet, on September 13, 1814. The city was guarded by Fort McHenry. All day and all night the enemy's ships hammered away with shot and shell at the fort.

Would it, could it hold out? was the anxious question of the people of Baltimore. When the sun rose the next morning, the question was answered—"Our flag was still there," the British had given up the attack, and were sailing down Chesapeake Bay. Baltimore was safe.

Key, in his floating prison, watched the bombardment of the fort all night long. By the flash of the guns he could see our flag waving over it. In the morning, when the mist cleared away, he found it was "still there." His feelings of delight found expression in the song which he hastily wrote in pen-

oil on the back of an old letter. In a few weeks the people were singing it from one end of the country to the other.

Here are the words:

**Song, The Star-Spangled Banner.**

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;

In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner!—oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country the'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps,  
pollution!

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued  
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us  
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

### **Badge for Washington's Birth day.**

Should you wish a pretty little badge when next you  
celebrate Washington's birthday, begin now to save  
all the two cent postage stamps on your envelopes  
where the oval bearing Washington's face has es-  
caped cancellation,

When preparing for Feb. 22, 1904, bring out your  
store of stamps and trim off to the edge of the oval.  
This oval will be the red of the badge. Mount it on  
a white paper shield. Mount this white shield on a

little larger blue shield which has a bent pin fastened in it, the point coming on the back of the shield. This makes a neat way of fastening, the point easily sticking into the clothing. The children even in First Grade can do the mounting, and they enjoy it.

**Teacher.**

*Abraham Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809, was assassinated Apr. 14, 1865.*

True, brave, tender, strong, just, are only some of the things that may be said of him. Many stories are related of his kindness of heart. I will read two of them.

You have heard the story before probably, but it will remind you again of that "great, kind heart."

Lincoln and some friends were out walking one windy day in spring, when they came upon two tiny, helpless birdlings lying on the ground. The strong wind had blown them from the shelter of their nests.

Bending, he gently picked up the poor little things and warmed them in his hand. Then from tree to tree he went, in search of the nest from which they had fallen. It was in an apple tree, and the father and mother birds were twitting anxiously around the nest. He put them carefully in the nest, though his friends laughed at him for stopping in the midst of grave discourse to look after a little bird.

But he only said, "I couldn't have slept to-night if I had not first seen those babies safe under their mother's wing."

### How Lincoln Helped the Pig.

Every one who knew Mr. Lincoln could tell you of some incident which illustrated the kindness of his heart. And this is one of the stories told. He was riding along one day when he came upon a pig sinking in a mud hole.

The poor creature was a pitiable sight, to be sure, trying so hard to crawl up the slippery bank, but slipping back each time. Yet one might have hesitated to touch such a dirty, muddy thing as the pig was then.

For a little even Mr. Lincoln hesitated, for he had on a new suit, which would be spoiled if he rescued the pig. So he rode on about a couple of miles; but he could not banish poor piggy from his thoughts.

So he turned around, drove back to the mud hole, and dragged the pig out of the mire. His suit was spoiled, but he said with a pleasant smile, "I've taken a pain out of my mind, anyway!"

### Unveiling of Lincoln's Picture.

A large portrait of Lincoln is draped with a flag, which is thrown back by a pupil as he recites:

This man, whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;  
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;  
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went

Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;

Wise, too; for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,

The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;

He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road

Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give  
place

To this dear benefactor of the race.

### **What Persons Have Said About Lincoln.**

*(For ten pupils.)*

*First Pupil*—A patriot without a superior, his monument is a country preserved.—*C. S. Harrington.*

*Second Pupil*—"Next to Washington, the Father of our Independence, stands Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr of our Union."

*Third Pupil*—"Lincoln is the greatest American, who feared God only and served the honor of his country."

*Fourth Pupil*—"Abraham Lincoln was prudent, far-sighted and resolute; thoughtful, calm, and just; patient, tender-hearted, and great."

*Fifth Pupil*—Patriot, statesman, emancipator, his name is immortal, and his memory will be cherished through all the advancing ages.—*W. H. Gibson.*

*Sixth Pupil*—Under the providence of God he was, next to Washington, the greatest instrument for the preservation of the Union and the integrity of the

country, and this was brought about chiefly through his strict and faithful adherence to the Constitution of his country.—*Peter Cooper.*

*Seventh Pupil*—A patriot without guile, a politician without cunning or selfishness, a statesman of practical sense rather than fine-spun theory.—*Andrew Sherman.*

*Eighth Pupil*—His wisdom, his accurate perceptions, his vigor of intellect, his humor, and his unselfish patriotism are known to all.—*Cyrus Northrop.*

*Ninth Pupil*—He was a patriot who was ever willing to make personal sacrifices for his patriotism.—*Abram S. Hewitt.*

*Tenth Pupil*—A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—*U. S. Grant.*

### “Honest Old Abe.”

That is a title you have often heard given to Abraham Lincoln.

It was not won by a single honest act, but by a lifetime of strictest honesty, in word and deed.

The name was first given when he was a clerk in a country store. One day he took about six cents more from some customer than was due him. A care-

less clerk might have neglected restoring so small an amount. But the principle of honesty or dishonesty is the same, he knew, whether the amount be large or small. And that night Mr. Lincoln took the long walk of several miles to return the money to the customer. And when he owned a store himself later, he was just as honest.

Once he used the wrong weight by mistake, in weighing out some tea for a woman. He gave her two ounces less than she paid for. That night, after he discovered the mistake, he wrapped up two ounces of tea and carried it to the woman's house. He said to her, "Now that you have what you paid for, I can rest satisfied."

And all through his life he carried with him that same strict honesty of heart and purpose.

### **Memorable Words of Abraham Lincoln.**

#### *For Exercise in Quotations.*

The Union must be preserved.

A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.

I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say, I would

rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold.

This country with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

Of the people, when they rise en masse in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said,—“The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.”

I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you (the people) and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office seekers, but with you, is the question, “Shall the Union and shall the liberties of the country be preserved to the latest generation?”

Stand fast to the Union and the old flag.

I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others.

**The Name of Lincoln.**

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a man great souled and grand;  
One whose deeds on history's pages,  
Curved in bold relief shall stand.

These's a name that brings a picture  
Of a time when blood was shed,  
When the boom of cannon sounded  
And the star of war was red.

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a shackled race set free,  
Brought from out the ban of bondage,  
To the joys of liberty.

Tis the name of martyred Lincoln  
Calls these pictures from the past,  
And that name with the Immortals  
Shall endure while earth shall last.

**The Hard-Work Plan.**

From the lowest depth of poverty  
To the highest heights of fame,  
From obscureness of position  
To a bright and shining name,  
From the mass of human beings,  
Who compose the common clan,  
You can earn your way to greatness  
By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,  
'Twas the route to Webster's fame;



And Garfield, by his method,  
To distinction laid his claim,  
And all earth's noblest heroes,  
Since this old world first began,  
Have earned their way to honor  
By the Hard-Work Plan.

**Lincoln's Words.**

Abraham Lincoln, loved commander  
Of the boys who wore the blue  
Each old soldier will remember  
All his words so kind and true  
Words that may not now be uttered,  
But that live down in the heart,  
From his lips like doves they fluttered  
To our hearts, ne'er to depart.  
From his eyes, so kindly beaming,  
As he rode along the line,  
Words he could not speak were teeming  
On a telephone divine.  
Thus the words that he was thinking,  
Riding in the grand review,  
His great heart to ours were linking—  
Linked him to the lines of blue.  
And through all the deadly conflict,  
When hope seemed about to fly,  
Something more than human instinct  
Showed the beaming of his eye—  
That to every weary soldier  
Brought the words he would have spoke—

Words that made each spirit bolder,  
Words of promise, peace and hope.

Peace—the country re-united,  
Our loved banner floating free;  
When secession wrong is righted,  
Blessings wait for you and me.  
These are words he often uttered—  
Words that wait to be fulfilled;  
Had he lived for us 'twere better,  
But we bow to Father's will.

In our hearts to-day they linger  
Like the fragrance of a flower—  
Shed a sweetness pure and tender  
By some strange and magic power.  
Now, no eyes like thine are beaming  
On us as we stand in line,  
No kind words set us to dreaming  
What shall come in God's good time.

Thou art gone, our dear Commander,  
And we'er sitting sad and lone;  
Is it strange we sometimes wonder  
If, too, justice has not gone?  
With our dead and dear Commander  
Soon we'll join the length'ning line  
On the green fields over yonder—  
Soon 'twill be reviewing time.



## Song—Lincoln.

*Tune: Hold the Fort.*

O'er the land to-day is ringing  
 Praise of Lincoln's name;  
 Youthful voices gladly singing  
 Lincoln's deathless fame:

*Chorus*—Yes, we love the name of Lincoln,  
 Lincoln good and true.  
 Under God, he saved the nation  
 Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty,  
 Trusting God and right,  
 And our flag, in all its beauty,  
 Saved from foeman's spite.

*Chorus*—Guard, O Lord, our flag and country!  
 Make us true to thee;  
 Let us be, like noble Lincoln,  
 All for Liberty!

*Chorus Recitation*—

So when a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken,  
 The light he leaves behind him lies  
 Upon the paths of men.



**William McKinley.**

*Born February 26, 1843, Assassinated Sept. 6,  
1901. Died Sept. 14, 1901.*

Droop, banner of delight, droop low!

There is no joy to-day for thine or thee  
Thy nation's heart is breaking in its woe,  
There moans a mighty moan from palm to snow,  
There wails a mighty wail from sea to sea.

Droop, banner of delight, droop low!

For there was one who loved to be great,  
Whose heart beat proud to see thy colors blow,  
Who hoped and labored but that men should know  
Thou art the standard of a noble State.

Droop, banner of delight, droop low!

Thy leader sought no praise and feared no blame;  
Of judgment clear, of indignation slow,  
Sound heart, sound brain, sound courage, all below  
A gracious dignity in war and peace the same.

Droop, banner of delight, droop low!

His will of iron ruled a gentle heart,  
A wealth of love and patience and a flow  
Of tenderness that to his people show

The man's own worth, his statesmanship apart.

Droop, banner of delight, droop low!

The hand is still that wrought for thee alone,  
The heart is still that suffered for thee so.  
Come, wrap thy folds around him; let him know,  
Dead though he be, he is thy son—thine own!

**Death Has Crowned Him As A Martyr.**

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship  
of State

Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a dire-  
lict of fate,

One that drifted from its moorings in the anchorage  
of hate.

On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his  
prime,

Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or  
time,

Victim of a mind self-centered, a godless fool of  
crime.

One of earth's dissension breeders, one of Hate's un-  
reasoning tools,

In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot an-  
ger cools,

He who sought for crime's distinction shall be  
known as Chief of Fools.

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of  
fame

(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise  
or blame),

Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light will  
shine his name.

Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a states-  
man; Love, a man;

Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal  
to goal he ran,

Knowing all the sun of glory that a human life may  
span.

He was chosen by the people; not an accident of  
birth

Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic  
worth.

Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of  
the earth.

He has raised the lover's standard by his loyalty  
and faith.

He has shown how virile manhood may keep free  
from scandal's breath,

He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful  
eyes of Death.

In the mighty march of progress he has sought to  
do his best.

Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to  
rest,

And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering  
woman's breast.

### One of The Loyal Legion.

When President McKinley was lying in state the badge  
of the Loyal Legion, which he always wore in life, was  
pinned upon his breast.

One of the loyal legion

He has gone to the last long rest,

And the mighty land that loved him  
Grieves for him, East and West.

In all her pine woods, moaning—

In all her sea waves, pain—

For the Chief she mourned so deeply  
His like comes not again.

The great world, kings and peoples,  
And our kin beyond the sea,

The far-off tribes and nations  
In the train of mourners be.

And the flags of the fleets and navies,  
The flags of fort and camp

Flag of the signal station,  
Flag of the lighthouse lamp

Hung drooping, while we bore him  
To the old home place, to stay,

In death, as in life, beloved,

On his solemn funeral day,

That flag he served in war-time,

That flag he served in peace,

And on through the heat and burden

Till death brought long release,

Twere well that it should mingle

Its colors clear and brave,

With the pall of the black that covered

His casket, for the grave.

Through the years from youth and upward

Till the last faint moment came,

He bore beneath that banner

A fair unblemished name.

One of the Loyal Legion!

A true and stainless knight  
Ever 'mid storm and passion  
Who manfully did the right;  
A son who loved his country  
And ever sought her weal;  
A servant to Jehovah,  
To the God of his fathers' leal.

"God's will not ours," he whispered...

"God's will not ours, be done."

So passed from earth to heaven

The land's most noble one.

He was of the Loyal Legion

And hosts from sea to sea

Are singing the hymn he murmured...

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

They lean on that staff of comfort,

Amid their bitter loss;

The men of the race that bred him,

Wreath garlands round the cross...

And the task he dropped, is lifted,

And the work he did, goes on,

With loyal hearts to press it,

Till the sands of time are run.

If one die for the people,

Let the people fast and pray.

We have trodden all too proudly

The victor's laurelled way.



One of the Loyal Legion,  
Is dead at a traitor's hand;  
The voice of a mighty weeping,  
Sobs over sea and land.

### McKinley.

Laurelled honors cannot charm him,  
Plaudits fall on deafened ears.  
Forty decades, grimly silent,  
Sentinel the span of years.

Greater than his age or nation,  
Greater than his titled foes,  
Now is won his full ambition,  
Fame transcending all his woes.

Dauntless in the face of danger,  
Braving storms and adverse fate,  
Wresting victory from peril,  
He hath triumphed over hate.

Every nation yields him homage,  
Lauds his name and tells his skill;  
Men are proud to own his wisdom,  
And his matchless force of will.

Slave to prejudice and custom,  
On the husks of envy fed,  
Royalty that scorned him, living,  
Crowns him as her hero, dead.

**Song—Lead Kindly Light.**

**Abraham Lincoln.**

The celebration of Lincoln's birthday by suspension of business and especially by the closing of the schools, is by all ways a desirable innovation. Now that the generation that knew his greatness in life is growing old we cannot too much impress upon the minds of those who are presently to take our places the lessons of his life and the qualities of mind and heart that fitted him for the tremendous responsibilities which fell upon him.

It is common-place to say that without the advantages of systematic education he became a man of great intellectual power, impressing himself as few men have ever done upon his time and country. It is more important to emphasize the qualities that distinguish him among men. These were self-regardless patriotism, an unquestioning devotion to duty, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, a perfect sympathy with what he called "the plain people," and an almost unmatched simplicity of character. That which he believed it his duty to do he did, without counting consequences. And he addressed himself to its doing with the same simplicity that marked that Gettysburg speech, which, brief though it is, has been justly characterized as one of the noblest orations that ever fell from human lips. In that address he himself furnished the key note of his public career. His life was devoted with a sincere consecration to the duty of seeing to it that "government of the people by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth." In all recorded time few men have lived whose memories it is so well worth while to cherish as sources of inspiration.

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